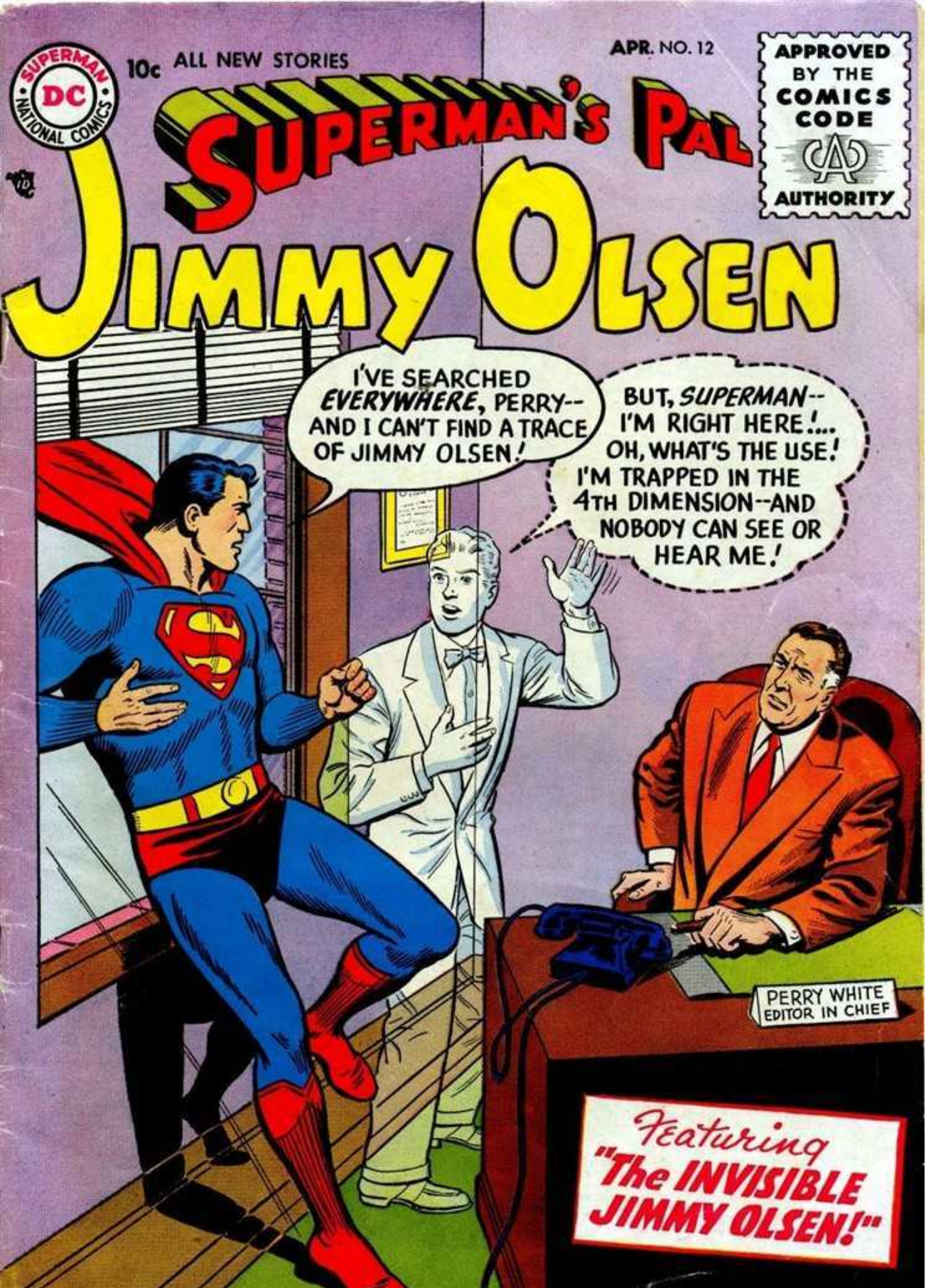
SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
10c ALL NEW STORIES
APR. NO. 12
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SUPERMAN'S PAL
JIMMY OLSEN
I'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, PERRY-- AND I CAN'T FIND A TRACE OF JIMMY OLSEN!
BUT, SUPERMAN-- I'M RIGHT HERE!... OH, WHAT'S THE USE! I'M TRAPPED IN THE 4TH DIMENSION--AND NOBODY CAN SEE OR HEAR ME!
PERRY WHITE EDITOR IN CHIEF
Featuring "The INVISIBLE JIMMY OLSEN!"

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SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN

YI-I-I! MY BALLOONS ARE BURSTING! I'LL COME FLYING DOWN INTO THE SAWDUST!
POP!
POP!
ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE JIMMY'S ACT... BLOW HIM TO THAT TRAPEZE BAR WITH MY SUPER-BREATH!

THE BAND PLAYS!... THE RINGMASTER SHOUTS... THE PARADE BEGINS!... AND THE CIRCUS IS ON! BUT WAIT... WHO IS THAT BOY CLOWN? CAN IT BE SOMEONE WE KNOW AS A CUB REPORTER FOR THE DAILY PLANET? WHAT IS SUPERMAN'S PAL DOING HERE, AS A PERFORMER? THE ANSWER WILL AMAZE AND AMUSE YOU, AS YOU WATCH THE ANTICS OF...

JIMMY OLSEN, PRINCE OF CLOWNS

IT'S CIRCUS TIME IN METROPOLIS--AND IN ONE OF THE DRESSING TENTS, CUB REPORTER JIMMY OLSEN INTERVIEWS THE BIG SHOW'S STAR PERFORMERS...

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN, No. 12, April, 1956. Published monthly, with the exception of January, May, July and November by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., SECOND and DICKEY STREETS, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial and Executive offices, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER at the post office at Sparta, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $1.00 including postage. Foreign, $2.00 in American funds. ©1956 by National Comics Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead is intended or should be inferred.

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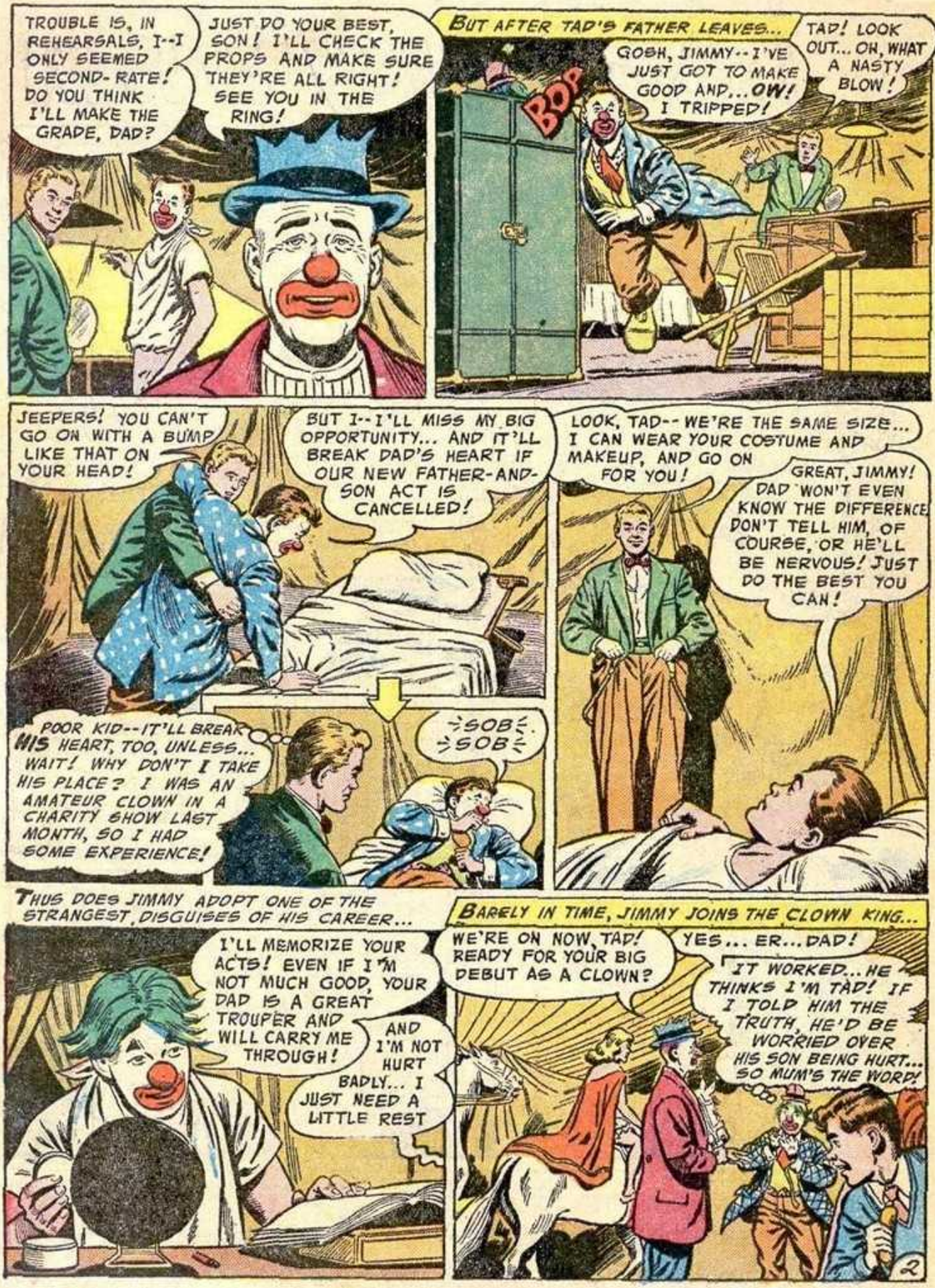
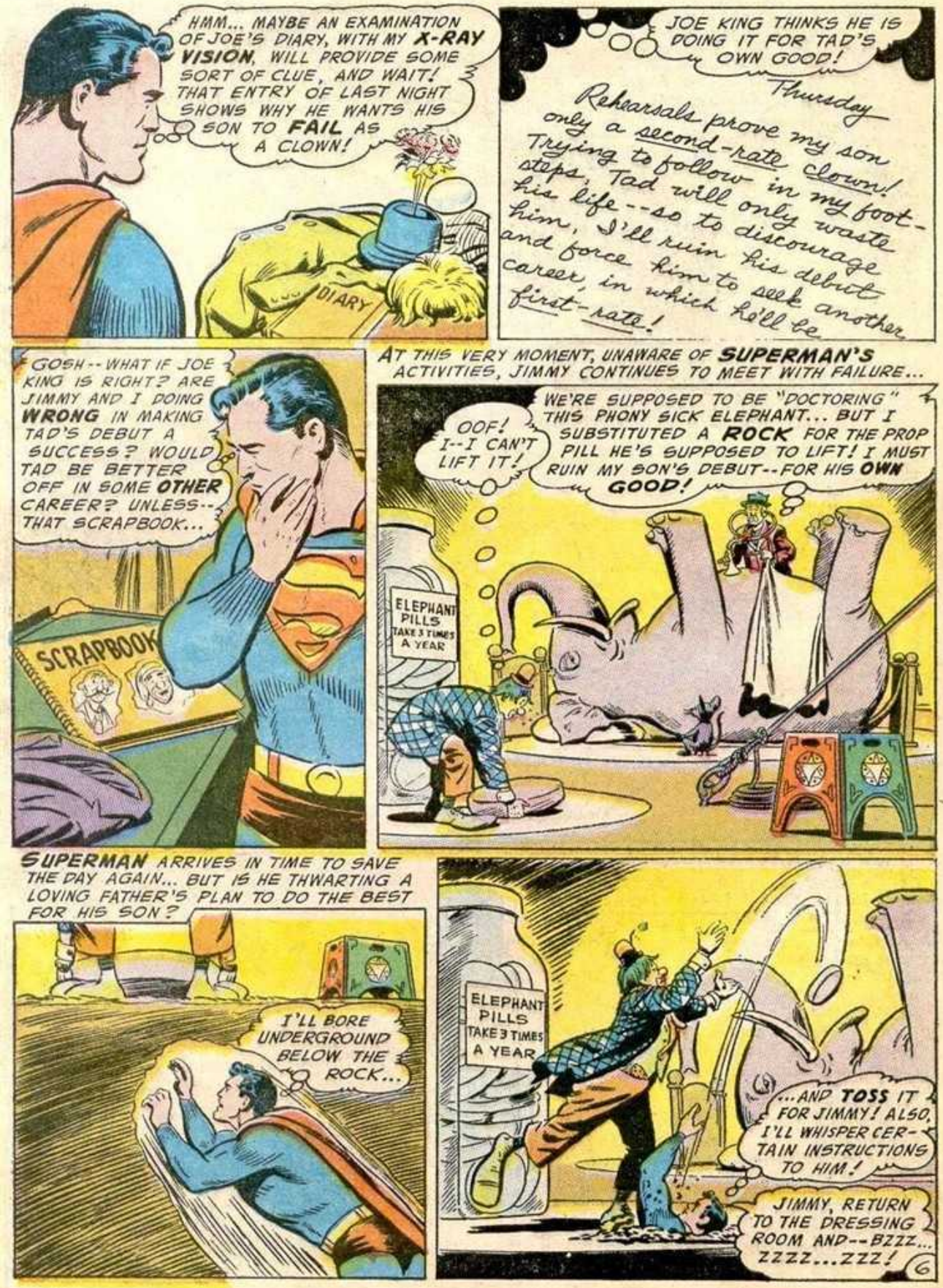

TROUBLE IS, IN REHEARSALS, I--I ONLY SEEMED SECOND-RATE! DO YOU THINK I'LL MAKE THE GRADE, DAD?
JUST DO YOUR BEST, SON! I'LL CHECK THE PROPS AND MAKE SURE THEY'RE ALL RIGHT! SEE YOU IN THE RING!
BUT AFTER TAD'S FATHER LEAVES...
GOSH, JIMMY--I'VE JUST GOT TO MAKE GOOD AND... OW! I TRIPPED!
BOP
TAD! LOOK OUT... OH, WHAT A NASTY BLOW!
JEEPERS! YOU CAN'T GO ON WITH A BUMP LIKE THAT ON YOUR HEAD!
BUT I--I'LL MISS MY BIG OPPORTUNITY... AND IT'LL BREAK DAD'S HEART IF OUR NEW FATHER-AND-SON ACT IS CANCELLED!
POOR KID--IT'LL BREAK HIS HEART, TOO, UNLESS... WAIT! WHY DON'T I TAKE HIS PLACE? I WAS AN AMATEUR CLOWN IN A CHARITY SHOW LAST MONTH, SO I HAD SOME EXPERIENCE!
SOB SOB
LOOK, TAD--WE'RE THE SAME SIZE... I CAN WEAR YOUR COSTUME AND MAKEUP, AND GO ON FOR YOU!
GREAT, JIMMY! DAD WON'T EVEN KNOW THE DIFFERENCE DON'T TELL HIM, OF COURSE, OR HE'LL BE NERVOUS! JUST DO THE BEST YOU CAN!
THUS DOES JIMMY ADOPT ONE OF THE STRANGEST DISGUISES OF HIS CAREER...
I'LL MEMORIZE YOUR ACTS! EVEN IF I'M NOT MUCH GOOD, YOUR DAD IS A GREAT TROUPER AND WILL CARRY ME THROUGH!
AND I'M NOT HURT BADLY... I JUST NEED A LITTLE REST
BARELY IN TIME, JIMMY JOINS THE CLOWN KING...
WE'RE ON NOW, TAD! READY FOR YOUR BIG DEBUT AS A CLOWN?
YES... ER... DAD!
IT WORKED... HE THINKS I'M TAD! IF I TOLD HIM THE TRUTH, HE'D BE WORRIED OVER HIS SON BEING HURT... SO MUM'S THE WORD!
2

BUGLES BLARE... THE SPOTLIGHT FLASHES ON... THE RINGMASTER ANNOUNCES THE STAR ACT...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! WE GIVE YOU THE CLOWN KING AND PRINCE--TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME!
THE FIRST ACT IS SIMPLE... DRIVING OUR FUNNY CARS AROUND THE RING!
DADMOBILE
SONMOBILE
BUT SUDDENLY... HEY! MY JALOPY IS B-BUCKING LIKE A WILD B-BRONCO! THIS WASN'T IN THE S-SCRIPT!
SONMOBILE
YIPES! W-WORSE THAN A MAD B-BULL! I'LL BE TOSSED INTO THE SAWDUST! IT WON'T HURT ME, BUT IT'LL SURE RUIN THE ACT! OH-H... IF ONLY SUPERMAN WERE HERE NOW!
SONMOBILE
YOUR PAL IS HERE, JIMMY!... IN HIS SECRET GUISE OF REPORTER CLARK KENT, COVERING THE SHOW...
THAT BOY CLOWN'S IN TROUBLE... HIS CAR WENT OUT OF CONTROL! ONLY THING TO DO IS BURN OUT THE SPARK PLUGS WITH THE HEAT OF MY X-RAY VISION! THAT'LL STOP THE MOTOR INSTANTLY!
SONMOBILE
WHEW! WHAT LUCK! THE MOTOR DIED! NOW I'LL SAVE THE ACT BY PRETENDING IT WAS ALL PLANNED...
WHOA! RECKON AH GOT THIS HYAR WILD MUSTANG BROKEN IN! YAHOO!
HA, HA! GREAT! THAT KID'S REAL FUNNY!

BUT X-RAY VISION, THROUGH THE BOY CLOWN'S MAKEUP, HAS ALSO REVEALED THE AMAZING TRUTH TO CLARK (SUPERMAN) KENT...
THAT'S NOT TAD KING BUT... JIMMY OLSEN! WHY DID HE TAKE THE BOY CLOWN'S PLACE?
JIMMY, MEANWHILE, HAS ALSO RUN INTO A MYSTERY...
WAS THAT AN ACCIDENT, OR DID SOMEBODY TAMPER WITH MY CAR? I THOUGHT YOU CHECKED OUR PROPS THOROUGHLY, DAD!
WHY... ER... I DID! IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT! AFTER ALL, WHO WOULD WANT TO RUIN OUR ACT, SON?
STILL -- YOU MUST BE SHAKY AFTER THAT EXPERIENCE, TAD! WHY NOT BOW OUT AND LET ME CARRY ON ALONE?
NONSENSE, DAD -- I'M PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT!
FUNNY THAT JOE KING WOULD URGE HIS SON TO QUIT THAT EASILY! BUT I WON'T LET TAD DOWN!
SO THE FATHER-AND-SON ACTS CONTINUE...
THIS IS GETTING A ROAR FROM THE CROWD -- AS I PRETEND TO "WALK ON AIR", HELD UP BY THESE BALLOONS!
BUT AGAIN, AN UNFORESEEN SETBACK...
POP!
POP!
OMIGOSH! -- THE BALLOONS ARE BURSTING! I'LL ONLY FLOP IN SOFT SAWDUST AGAIN... BUT THE ACT IS SPOILED! IT MUST BE SABOTAGE... BUT WHO'S DOING IT?
SUPER-VISION REVEALS WHO THE UNBELIEVABLE CULPRIT IS...
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S JOE KING HIMSELF, SHOOTING TINY PELLETS FROM HIS MOUTH! THIS IS INCREDIBLE... HE'S WORKING AGAINST HIS OWN SON!

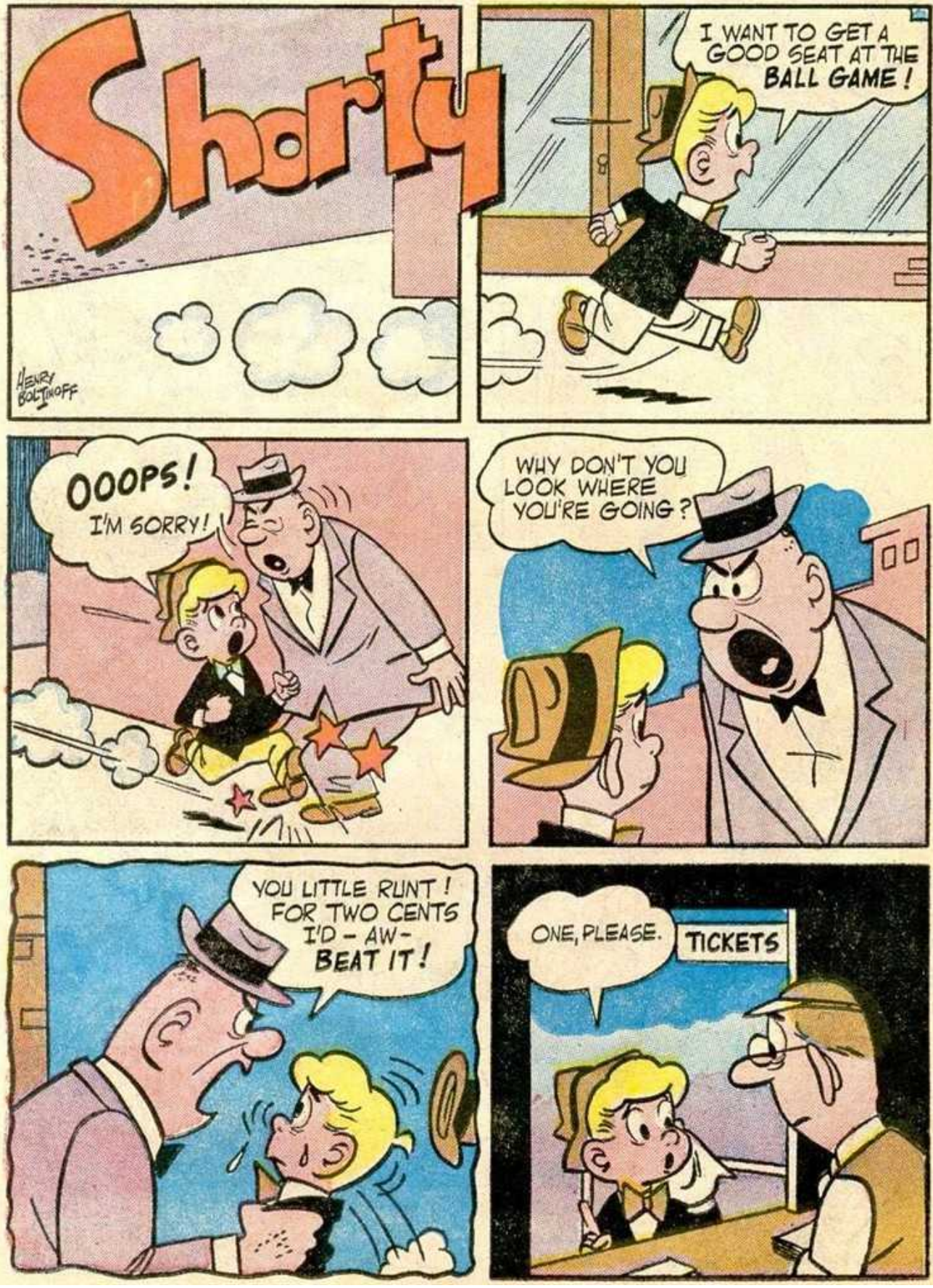
SWIFTLY AND SECRETLY, CLARK SAVES JIMMY FROM A HUMILIATING FLOP...
SUPER-BREATH WILL WAFT JIMMY OVER TO THAT TRAPEZE BAR, AS IF HE FLOATED THERE ON PURPOSE!
WHOOSH
I FELT THAT SUPER-BREATH BLOWING ME HERE! IT MEANS SUPERMAN IS ON THE JOB! WHEW! AM I GLAD!
JIMMY AGAIN IMPROVISES AS IF IT WERE ALL A PLANNED PERFORMANCE...
I'LL FINISH OFF WITH A FEW ACROBATIC TRICKS... THE CROWD LOVES IT!
WHEE YAYYY
IN THE MEANTIME, UTTERLY MYSTIFIED, CLARK KENT LEAVES HIS SEAT TO FIND SECLUSION, FOR A CHANGE TO... SUPERMAN...
I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! WHY IS JOE KING SABOTAGING HIS SON?... AND WHY DID JIMMY TAKE TAD'S PLACE? I'LL VISIT THEIR DRESSING TENT!
WITHIN MINUTES, SUPERMAN LEARNS THE ANSWER...
I HURT MYSELF, SUPERMAN, AND JIMMY IS PINCH-HITTING FOR ME!
I SEE!
I WON'T ALARM TAD BY TELLING ABOUT HIS DAD... BUT WHY WOULD JOE KING TRY TO RUIN HIS OWN SON'S CAREER? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!


HMM... MAYBE AN EXAMINATION OF JOE'S DIARY, WITH MY X-RAY VISION, WILL PROVIDE SOME SORT OF CLUE, AND WAIT! THAT ENTRY OF LAST NIGHT SHOWS WHY HE WANTS HIS SON TO FAIL AS A CLOWN!
DIARY
JOE KING THINKS HE IS DOING IT FOR TAD'S OWN GOOD!
Thursday
Rehearsals prove my son only a second-rate clown! Trying to follow in my footsteps, Tad will only waste his life--so to discourage him, I'll ruin his debut and force him to seek another career, in which he'll be first-rate!
GOSH--WHAT IF JOE KING IS RIGHT? ARE JIMMY AND I DOING WRONG IN MAKING TAD'S DEBUT A SUCCESS? WOULD TAD BE BETTER OFF IN SOME OTHER CAREER? UNLESS--THAT SCRAPBOOK...
SCRAPBOOK
AT THIS VERY MOMENT, UNAWARE OF SUPERMAN'S ACTIVITIES, JIMMY CONTINUES TO MEET WITH FAILURE...
OOF! I--I CAN'T LIFT IT!
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE "DOCTORING" THIS PHONY SICK ELEPHANT... BUT I SUBSTITUTED A ROCK FOR THE PROP PILL HE'S SUPPOSED TO LIFT! I MUST RUIN MY SON'S DEBUT--FOR HIS OWN GOOD!
ELEPHANT PILLS TAKE 3 TIMES A YEAR
SUPERMAN ARRIVES IN TIME TO SAVE THE DAY AGAIN... BUT IS HE THWARTING A LOVING FATHER'S PLAN TO DO THE BEST FOR HIS SON?
I'LL BORE UNDERGROUND BELOW THE ROCK...
ELEPHANT PILLS TAKE 3 TIMES A YEAR
...AND TOSS IT FOR JIMMY! ALSO, I'LL WHISPER CERTAIN INSTRUCTIONS TO HIM!
JIMMY, RETURN TO THE DRESSING ROOM AND--BZZZ... ZZZZ...ZZZ!
6

BUT AS JIMMY FOLLOWS HIS INSTRUCTIONS...
I SAW SUPERMAN'S ARM POP UP... AND THIS BOY ISN'T MY SON EITHER! HIS MAKEUP RAN FROM PERSPIRATION... HE'S JIMMY OLSEN, SUPERMAN'S PAL!
I'LL GO AND... ER... TOUCH UP MY GREASEPAINT, DAD, WHILE YOU DO YOUR SINGLE ACT NEXT!
AND THE CLOWN KING MUST BRING LAUGHTER TO THE CROWD, WHILE TEARS RUN DOWN HIS OWN CHEEKS...
HA, HA, HA! TERRIFIC! HAW, HAW!
}SOB{ THEY'VE RUINED MY PLAN }CHOKE{ TO SAVE MY BOY FROM A WASTED LIFE! SUPERMAN AND JIMMY OLSEN ARE DOING TAD A... A BAD TURN!
PRESENTLY, AS THE CLOWN PRINCE RETURNS FOR THE FINAL ACT...
NO USE TRYING TO SPOIL THE ACT ANYMORE, WITH SUPERMAN AROUND! I'LL HAVE TO LET JIMMY FINISH IN GREAT STYLE -- EVEN IF HE'S WRECKING MY BOY'S LIFE!
AND, OF COURSE, SUPERMAN IS SECRETLY HELPING JIMMY MAKE THAT AMAZING AERIAL SPIN! MY SON NEVER DID ANYTHING THAT GOOD IN REHEARSALS!
YAYYY
THE CLOWN PRINCE IS GREAT!
AAYYY
OH, DON'T TRY TO FOOL ME... I KNOW YOU'RE JIMMY OLSEN!
HOW WAS THAT, DAD? DID IT PROVE ME FIRST-RATE AFTER ALL?
AWHILE LATER, IN THE DRESSING TENT...
SUPERMAN HELPED YOU DO THAT FINAL ACT, JIMMY! MY SON WAS NEVER GOOD ENOUGH TO BE A FIRST-RATE PERFORMER LIKE THAT!
ARE YOU SURE, DAD? TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT ME NOW!
7

WHAT ?? TAD--MY SON! YOU--YOU MEAN IT WASN'T JIMMY IN THAT FINAL ACT?
NO, MR. KING... WHEN I CAME TO TOUCH UP MY GREASEPAINT BEFORE, I FOUND TAD ALL RECOVERED, AND LET HIM GO ON HIMSELF!
AND I DIDN'T HELP TAD AT ALL! HE DID THAT AERIAL SPIN ALL BY HIMSELF!
WHY, THEN HE... HE'S A FIRST-RATE PERFORMER AFTER ALL! BUT WHY DID HE DO SO BADLY DURING REHEARSALS?
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THIS INTERVIEW YOU GAVE CLARK KENT SOME YEARS AGO? LET ME QUOTE YOUR OWN WORDS..."DURING REHEARSALS, I ALWAYS DO POORLY! IT IS ONLY THE CHEERING CROWD ITSELF THAT INSPIRES ME TO DO MY BEST!"
CLOWN KING'S STORY AS TOLD TO CLARK KENT
LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON... IT WORKED THE SAME WAY WITH TAD!
GOSH--FORGIVE ME, SON! I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT FACING A CROWD THE FIRST TIME WOULD BRING OUT YOUR REAL TALENT--AS A TOPNOTCH CLOWN!
AND SO, THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AS JIMMY OLSEN RESUMES HIS REGULAR JOB...
AS FOR ME, I'D HAVE BEEN STRICTLY A SECOND-RATE CLOWN WITHOUT SUPERMAN'S HELP... SO I'LL JUST STICK TO BEING A FIRST-RATE REPORTER!
DAILY PLANET
FATHER-AND-SON CLOWN TEAM BREAKING BOX-OFFICE RECORDS
JUST THEN...
GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! YOU MISSPELLED A DOZEN NAMES IN YOUR LAST STORY, JIMMY! AS A REPORTER, YOU'RE A FIRST-RATE CLOWN!
OUCH!
THE END

The ONE and ONLY
SUPERMAN
is STILL
AMERICA'S MOST TALKED-ABOUT COMICS MAGAZINE CHARACTER!
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
SUPERMAN
JIMMY OLSEN
WORLD'S FINEST
ACTION COMICS
HIS AMAZING ADVENTURES APPEAR IN 4 GREAT MAGAZINES!
SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS


Shorty
HENRY BOLTINOFF
I WANT TO GET A GOOD SEAT AT THE BALL GAME!
OOOPS! I'M SORRY!
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
YOU LITTLE RUNT! FOR TWO CENTS I'D - AW - BEAT IT!
ONE, PLEASE.
TICKETS

PLAY BALL!
HMM - THAT UMPIRE LOOKS FAMILIAR!

THROW THE UMPIRE OUT!

HE'S BLIND AS A BAT!

PHOOEY ON THE UMPIRE! HE'S NO GOOD!

AFTER THE GAME..
EXIT
HI, SHORTY. I COULDN'T HELP NOTICE YOU. YOU CERTAINLY DID A LOT OF YELLING AT THAT UMPIRE! HOW COME?
2.

I HAD A RUN-IN WITH HIM ON THE STREET TODAY. BOY, DID I TELL HIM OFF!
THE END

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN

ANCIENT DINOSAURS ALIVE ON AN ISLAND -- A MYSTERIOUS ROBOT WHO GUARDS THEM -- ALL ADDING UP TO JIMMY OLSEN'S MOST EXCITING AND DANGEROUS SCOOP! YET, FOR ONCE, IT SEEMS THAT **SUPERMAN** FAILS TO COME TO THE AID OF HIS YOUNG PAL -- AND THEREIN LIES THE ANSWER TO...

THE SECRET OF DINOSAUR ISLAND

SUPER-DUPER! WHAT A BREAKFAST ONE DINOSAUR EGG MAKES!

MY **TELESCOPIC VISION** SHOWS AN ANGRY DINOSAUR CHARGING JIMMY, AND -- AND I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

FAR OUT AT SEA, ONE MORNING, THE **FLYING NEWSROOM** OF THE **DAILY PLANET** BEARS TWO REPORTERS ON THE TRACK OF A STRANGE RUMOR...

GOSH, CLARK -- DO YOU SUPPOSE THERE REALLY ARE DINOSAURS ON **MYSTIC ISLE?**

IT'S POSSIBLE, JIMMY, BUT NOT VERY PROBABLE! DINOSAURS HAVE BEEN EXTINCT FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS, YOU KNOW!

SOME HOURS LATER...

THERE SHE IS... **MYSTIC ISLE!** PASSING SHIPS CLAIM THEY'VE GLIMPSED HUGE BEASTS THERE RECENTLY!

PROBABLY SHEER IMAGINATION!

BUT NO SOONER DO THEY DROP FOR A LANDING THAN...
LOOK, JIMMY! A LIVING BRONTOSAURUS! THAT RUMOR WAS TRUE!
AS THEY EMERGE FROM THE PLANE, HOWEVER...
GUARD ME WITH THAT RIFLE, CLARK, WHILE I--HEY, WHAT'S WRONG?
I... UH... SUDDENLY FEEL DIZZY! I'M ILL... CAN'T GO ON, JIMMY!
WHAT'S THIS? CLARK KENT, WHO IS REALLY SUPERMAN, GROWING WEAK AND FEARFUL?...
YOU CAN'T FACE FEROCIOUS DINOSAURS BY YOURSELF, JIMMY, AND I'M PRACTICALLY HELPLESS! M-MAYBE WE'D BETTER LEAVE!
AND MISS THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR? BAH!... A REAL REPORTER NEVER THINKS OF HIS SKIN AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
THOSE BIG MONSTERS DON'T SCARE... EEE-EAAA... HALP!
GROW-RRR
AND EVEN WITH HIS PAL IN DANGER, THE TIMID REPORTER REMAINS SUPER-CAUTIOUS...
CAN'T CHANGE TO SUPERMAN... M-MUST STAY IN HERE, CONCEALED FROM JIMMY! ONLY WAY TO SAVE HIM IS WITH A BLAST OF SUPER-BREATH!
WHOOSH
AGAINST A NEARBY MOUNTAIN, THE MIGHTY GUST CREATES AN AVALANCHE THAT EVEN A DINOSAUR FEARS...
WHEW! WHAT LUCK! HIS HEAVY, THUMPING FOOT-STEPS MUST'VE LOOSENED THOSE ROCKS!
2

WELL, THAT EXPERIENCE DIDN'T SCARE ME OFF! I'LL SNEAK UP ON THOSE REPTILES AND STILL GET MY PHOTOS! SEE YOU LATER, CLARK!
HE MAY RUN INTO MORE DANGER...YET I CAN'T APPEAR AS SUPERMAN ON THIS ISLAND!
WHAT STRANGE REASON HOLDS CLARK BACK? CAN YOU GUESS?
BUT WAIT... WHAT'S THIS NEW SURPRISE THAT JIMMY RUNS INTO, A FEW MINUTES LATER?
JEEPERS! GOT TO ESCAPE THAT ROBOT!
THIS ROBOT IS TRAINED TO SMASH YOUR CAMER
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY... THAT METAL MONSTER CAN'T SQUEEZE THROUGH SUCH A SMALL CREVICE! BUT GOLLY-- WHO MADE THE ROBOT? WHAT A MYSTERY!
MEANWHILE, WHERE CLARK HAS BEEN KEEPING TABS ON JIMMY WITH HIS TELESCOPIC VISION...
WHAT A BREAK! THAT ROBOT'S JUST THE THING THAT'LL SOLVE MY PROBLEM! IT'S COMING TOWARD ME, TOO... WHILE I'VE STILL GOT SOME SUPER-POWERS LEFT, I MUST OVERCOME IT!
SAND CONTAINS SILICON, THE SUBSTANCE USED IN MANUFACTURING GLASS. WITH THE HEAT OF MY X-RAY VISION, I CAN FUSE THE SAND IN THE ROBOT'S PATH INTO SMOOTH, SLIPPERY GLASS, SO THAT...
THUD!
IT WORKED! I'VE "STUNNED" THE THING TEMPORARILY BY JARRING ITS MOTOR!
THIS ROBOT IS TRAINED TO SMASH YOUR CAMERA
NOW TO OPEN IT UP AND REMOVE THE INTERNAL MECHANISMS! LUCKILY, THE HOLLOW METAL SHELL WILL FIT ME LIKE A "SUIT"!
3

THUS DOES CLARK ADOPT THE STRANGEST SECRET IDENTITY OF HIS CAREER...
I'LL OPERATE NOW AS A SUPER-ROBOT!
JUST THEN...
RETURN GUARDIAC!
HMM... A SUPERSONIC VOICE CALLING! I'LL FOLLOW THE SIGNALS AND FIND OUT WHO CONTROLLED THIS MYSTERIOUS ROBOT!
SOON...
A CABIN--AND A SCIENTIFIC LAB!
:GASP: I HAD ANOTHER BAD SPELL, GUARDIAC! MOVE THAT TAPE-RECORDER OVER FOR ME... IT'S TIME TO MAKE THE REPORT WHICH THE WORLD WILL HEAR -- AFTER I'M DEAD!
AFTER THE "ROBOT" CARRIES OUT THAT ORDER...
I AM PROFESSOR WILLIAM MARCH, A NATURALIST! LAST YEAR, WHILE EXPLORING MYSTIC ISLE, I STUMBLED ON AN AMAZING FIND IN A HUGE CAVERN OF ICE...
ANCIENT DINOSAURS, FROZEN ALIVE! WILL THEY REVIVE IF I MELT THE ICE?
"TO MY JOY, AFTER I WARMED THE CAVERN WITH A THERMAL COIL, THE SPECIMENS CAME OUT OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION..."
LIVING DINOSAURS! I'LL BE ABLE TO STUDY THEM FOR THE BENEFIT OF SCIENCE!
ROAR
GROWRR
RAWRRR!
"TO AVOID SENSELESS SLAUGHTER OF THESE RARE CREATURES, I TOOK STEPS TO KEEP MY SECRET FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD..."
THIS ROBOT IS TRAINED TO SMASH YOUR CAMERA
THIS PATROLLING ROBOT WILL CHASE INTRUDERS AWAY FROM MY "DINOSAUR PREESERVE"!
"BUT WITH EACH SUCCEEDING EXPERIMENT AND TEST, I CAME TO A SAD REALIZATION..."
BLOOD SAMPLES, TAKEN FROM SLEEPING DINOSAURS, PROVE THEM WEAKENED BY MODERN AIR! THEY WILL ALL DIE WITHIN A YEAR :CHOKE: JUST AS I WILL!

YES--DUE TO AN INCURABLE HEART AILMENT, I HAVE ONLY A YEAR TO LIVE! SCIENCE WILL BENEFIT FROM MY DINOSAUR STUDIES--BUT ONLY AFTER THE DINOSAURS AND I ARE GONE!
NOW GO, GUARDIAC... MAKE SURE THAT PLANE LEAVES! DO NOT HARM THEM--BUT RUIN THEIR PHOTOS, AT ALL COSTS, SO THEY WON'T HAVE PROOF OF THEIR "WILD" STORY! GO!
I'LL OBEY LIKE A ROBOT... HE MUSTN'T KNOW I'M SUPERMAN!
ONCE OUTSIDE, THE MAN OF STEEL FACES A HARD DECISION...
THE PROFESSOR IS RIGHT... CRUEL HUNTERS OFTEN WIPE OUT RARE SPECIES! THOSE DINOSAURS MUST NOT BE SLAUGHTERED--WHICH MEANS I MUST WORK AGAINST JIMMY!
WEARING THIS CAMOUFLAGE, I CAN TAKE PICTURES WITHOUT THAT ROBOT SPOTTING ME! HERE GOES MY FIRST ONE!...
POOR JIMMY... HATE TO DO THIS, BUT I MUST YANK THIS DINOSAUR OUT OF FOCUS AS HE SNAPS THE PICTURE!
HEY--MY PICTURE IS RUINED!
CLICK
BUT WHY CAN'T YOU JUST REVEAL YOURSELF, SUPERMAN? WHY MUST YOU PARADE AS A ROBOT "ENEMY" OF JIMMY, FOILING HIM OVER AND OVER?
BENDING THIS TREE DOWN OBSCURES THIS DINOSAUR!
ALL JIMMY WILL PHOTOGRAPH HERE IS A BIG SPLASH OF WATER!
JEEPERS! THE ROBOT USED A SHINY FLAT STONE TO REFLECT SUNLIGHT INTO MY LENS, RUINING THIS SHOT, TOO!
5

FINALLY...
DOGGONE THAT PESKY ROBOT... NOT A SINGLE DINOSAUR PICTURE!
OH, OH... HE'S HEADING BACK TO THE FLYING NEWSROOM! MUST BEAT HIM THERE... OTHERWISE HE'LL GROW SUSPICIOUS WHEN HE FINDS CLARK KENT MISSING!
WITHIN SECONDS...
I REPLACED THE INNER MECHANISMS SO THE ROBOT WILL RETURN UNHARMED TO THE PROFESSOR! JIMMY WILL GIVE UP IN DISGUST NOW, AND LEAVE THE ISLAND WITHOUT HIS PHOTOS!
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW YOUR YOUNG PAL BETTER THAN THAT, CLARK--FOR SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
NO DUMB ROBOT IS GOING TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME! I'LL PUT IN NEW FILM AND TRY AGAIN!
GREAT SCOTT! I'LL HAVE TO ADOPT MY ROBOT ROLE AGAIN, SINCE I STILL CAN'T LET JIMMY KNOW THAT SUPERMAN IS HERE!
FORTUNATELY, THE ROBOT IS MADE OF LEAD, THE ONLY METAL THAT STOPS KRYPTONITE RAYS, WHICH WEAKEN ME... AND THIS ISLAND'S LOADED WITH KRYPTONITE!
I--I CAN HARDLY WALK, I'M SO WEAK! AND IF JIMMY SAW SUPERMAN TURN WEAK NEAR KRYPTONITE, LIKE CLARK DID BEFORE, HE WOULD EASILY SURMISE MY DOUBLE IDENTITY! THAT'S WHY SUPERMAN CAN'T APPEAR!
SO AWHILE LATER, AFTER FINDING THE ROBOT...
AH... NOW I CAN STOP WORRYING ABOUT KRYPTONITE WITH THIS LEAD "SUIT" SHIELDING ME AGAIN!
6

YOU WOULDN'T BE SO CONFIDENT, CLARK, IF YOU JUST GLANCED BACK IN THE LAB...
THIS HEAVY LEAD SUIT MADE MY ROBOT TOO CLUMSY -- SO I TRANSFERRED THE MECHANISMS INTO A LIGHTER STEEL SUIT!
SO THIS TIME, AS JIMMY LIES IN WAIT FOR HIS ROBOT "ENEMY"...
THIS OUGHT TO KNOCK HIM "SENSELESS" FOR AWHILE!
POOR KID...THINKS HE CAN PUT ME OUT OF COMMISSION WITH A LITTLE ROCK!
AH--GOT HIM!
WHAT--? THE KRYPTONITE IN THAT ROCK IS KNOCKING ME FOR A LOOP!
HA, HA... THAT OUGHT TO KEEP YOU OUT OF MY HAIR, MR. ROBOT, WHILE I TAKE SOME PICTURES!
N-NO WONDER... THIS ROBOT SHELL IS MUCH SHINIER THAN THE OTHER.. IT'S MADE OF STEEL! AND NOW :GASP: WITH THAT KRYPTONITE NEARBY, I C-CAN'T EVEN MOVE!
BUT THE PROFESSOR, CHECKING ON HIS NEW STEEL ROBOT, SOON ARRIVES ON THE SCENE, AND...
ARE THE MOTORS DAMAGED? I'LL OPEN IT UP AND...
GREAT SCOTT! YOU'RE CLARK KENT, THE WELL-KNOWN REPORTER!
AND THE WAY THAT KRYPTONITE WEAKENED YOU... YOU MUST BE SUPERMAN!
ALL RIGHT--YOU'VE GOT ME! PLEASE... DRAG ME OUT OF RANGE :GASP: OF THE RAYS!
7

SO CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN! I'M THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH WHO EVER FOUND OUT!
GULP! HE'LL TELL JIMMY--AND SOON THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW, UNLESS... WAIT! PERHAPS THERE IS A WAY OUT OF THIS!
HOW CAN SUPERMAN HOPE TO SEAL THE PROFESSOR'S LIPS? LATER, AFTER DONNING THE SAFE LEAD SUIT AGAIN...
IF I CIRCLE FASTER THAN THE HUMAN EYE CAN FOLLOW, JIMMY WON'T KNOW I'M RUINING HIS PICTURES! THE CAMERA LENS WILL ONLY SNAP MY BLURRED FORM, NOT DINOSAURS!
SURE ENOUGH, EN ROUTE HOME WHEN JIMMY DEVELOPS HIS FILM...
OH GOLLY-- THEY'RE ALL BLURRED! I STILL HAVE NO PROOF THAT THE DINOSAURS EXIST! THE FILM MUST HAVE BEEN DEFECTIVE, BUT I'LL RETURN TO MYSTIC ISLE WITH NEW FILM!
NO YOU WON'T, JIMMY--BECAUSE BEFORE WE LEFT, I OPENED AN UNDERGROUND GEYSER...
THIS STEAMY FOG WILL SURROUND THE ISLAND SO THAT NOBODY CAN FIND IT AGAIN FOR A YEAR--UNTIL THE PROFESSOR PASSES AWAY! THAT WAS PART OF MY BARGAIN WITH HIM!
YES, BACK ON MYSTIC ISLE, A BARGAIN HAS INDEED BEEN MADE...
WE EXCHANGED SECRETS! SUPERMAN WON'T TELL THE WORLD ABOUT MYSTIC ISLE--AND I WON'T REVEAL THAT CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN! HIS SECRET WILL GO TO THE GRAVE WITH ME!
AND SO, BACK AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE...
TOO BAD, CLARK... WITHOUT PICTURES, WE HAD TO FORGET OUR BIG SCOOP!
BUT JIMMY WILL GET HIS SCOOP NEXT YEAR, WHEN HE PICKS UP THE PROFESSOR'S PICTURES OF THE DINOSAURS!
DAILY
NO PROOF OF DINOSAURS ON MYSTIC ISLE!
GOSH... THINGS SURE WOULD'VE BEEN DIFFERENT IF SUPERMAN HAD BEEN THERE TO FIGHT THAT ROBOT!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, JIMMY!
THE END

Binky says: "IT'S FUN TO BELONG!"

WHY ALL THE GLOOM, GANG?
AW, WE HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO DO.
THERE'S A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR THAT, ALLERGY. GATHER ROUND... UNCLE BINKY HAS SOME IDEAS FOR YOU...

WATCH CAREFULLY, GIRLS. IN ANOTHER FEW LESSONS, YOU'LL BE DOING THIS, TOO.
JUNIOR LIFE SAVING CLASS
GEE, SALLY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT. ISN'T THIS EXCITING?

FIRST WE FINISH THE CLEAN-UP. THEN MR. BROWN SAYS WE CAN USE THE FIELD.
COME ON, JOE, LET'S PITCH IN. THIS IS GOING TO MAKE A SWELL PLACE TO PLAY BALL!

HEY, SALLY, IS THE MONKEY PUPPET READY?
SOON AS MR. JONES SHOWS ME HOW TO PUT THE HEAD ON.
WAIT TILL JOE AND BETTY SEE THIS SHOW. IT'S GOING TO BE SUPER!

PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH THE NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE ASSEMBLY, COORDINATING ORGANIZATION FOR NATIONAL HEALTH, WELFARE AND RECREATION AGENCIES OF THE U. S.

THE STATE TROOPER IN ACTION

This Crime-Fighter Is Taught Everything To Do His Job—Even Diving and Flying

THE thieves making their get-away in a stolen car felt that the farther they got from the city, the safer they'd be. A squad car and two motorcycles had pursued them to a wooded area outside the city limits; but the crooks headed for the dense woods just ahead.

Abandoning their car in a ditch along the road, they plunged into the woods. Right on their heels, the city policemen fanned out.

With darkness falling, the search grew more difficult. But now, the policemen heard the whinny of horses, and the yapping of dogs. Soon, the State Troopers, some mounted, others leading dogs, appeared.

One of the Troopers holding a dog said: "We let the dogs smell the interior of the abandoned car. That's all they need!"

The city police watched the mounted police disappear into the dense forest. They decided to follow along.

The chase ended along the bank of a river. The dogs had led the Troopers to a small shack, and the crooks were quickly handcuffed.

It was the city police officers who discovered, on searching the captured men, that the loot was missing.

"They must have dropped it in the woods!" said one of them.

"No," replied a Trooper. "When we caught up, we saw one of them throw something into the river. Well send back for our diving gear. You see, we Troopers are also taught diving."

Several hours later, a Trooper wearing a diving suit, came out of the river with the precious loot.

The above case illustrates the kind of crime-fighting being conducted by that remarkable group of men called, in some states, State Police; in others, State Troopers; in still others, State Constabulary.

The lowest rank in this police organization, which is based along military lines, is the private. Above him are the Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant, Captain, Inspector and Superintendent. The last-men-

tioned is the highest ranking officer on the force. And in keeping with the military nature of the force, its headquarters is not a station but a barracks.

State Troopers often find themselves in remote areas far from their barracks, and cut off from all communications. This requires an unusual degree of resourcefulness and self-reliance.

It is customary in State Police practice to have troopers working in pairs. In every pair, there is a junior trooper and a senior—with the latter in command. The junior trooper is usually a rookie who has just completed his training. Now assigned to duty with a senior trooper for the practical part of his training, for a long time he is kept under constant observation by the senior. It usually takes four years for a junior to win promotion to the ranks of senior.

The State Police were originally a mounted force, and operated as a kind of civil cavalry. This accounts for the name, State Trooper. Today, horses are still in use by most state forces, but the troopers' mobility has been augmented by the use of automobiles and motorcycles. Many states have also adopted the use of planes and helicopters.

The horse, however, is expected to have its place in the troopers' barracks for a long time. As we have seen, the troopers must penetrate wooded wildernesses which no motor vehicles could enter; and when automobile roads become covered with snow and ice, stalling all traffic, it is the mounted trooper who goes into action.

Although the State Troopers perform a wide variety of duties, most people believe that their duties are limited to highway or parkway patrols. It is true that the presence of state police on highways has removed much of the danger of motor travel, but a large part of their work is far more perilous.

Any young man between the ages of 21 and 35 who wishes to join the State Police can apply at the nearest barracks. The superintendent then informs the applicant when to appear for his physical and mental examinations.

If he passes his physical, he is then given an examination that tests him for common sense, reasoning power, and accurate observation. But even if he passes both examinations, he may still be rejected on the grounds that he is temperamentally unfitted for State Police work.

However, if he is accepted for training, he faces severe additional tests. For the first 30 days, he is confined to barracks. During this period, he is given tasks that test his discipline and patience.

If he successfully passes this confined period, he is then sent to the State Police School. Here, he undergoes a rigid course of instruction that in many ways parallels that of municipal police.

After completing this course, he is finally assigned to a troop, equipped with uniform and weapons, and installed as a junior trooper.

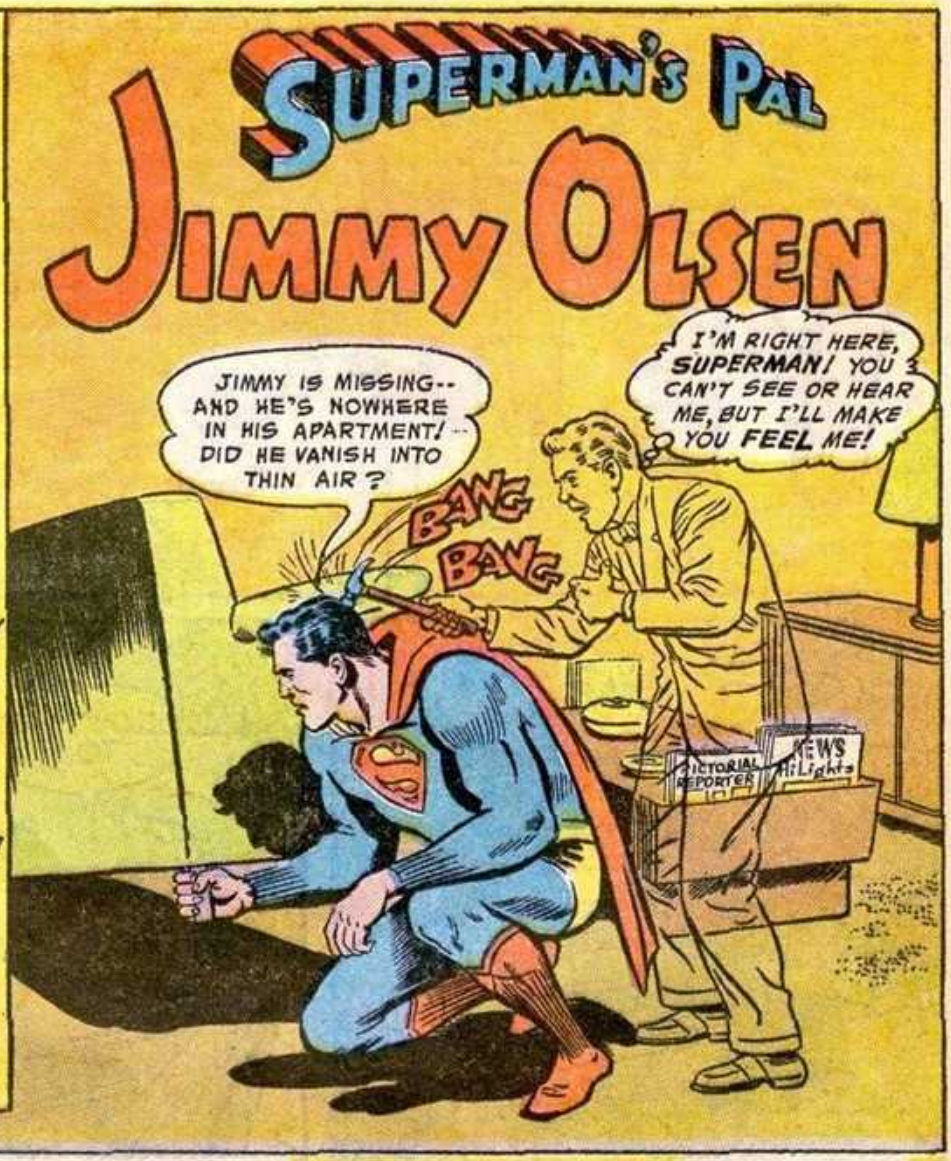
—John Maxton

Little
PETE
HENRY BOLTINOFF
BOY, IT'S GOOD TO SIT DOWN!
YOUNG MAN, WHY DON'T YOU GO AND PLAY?
DON'T WANT TO!
BUT IT'S NOT NATURAL FOR A BOY TO BE SO QUIET! WHY DON'T YOU WANT TO?
OH, I WAS JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO GET UP. A MAN PAINTED THAT BENCH FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO!
WET PAINT
END.

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN

THERE IS ONE PLACE YOU WOULD NOT LIKE TO VISIT--THE FOURTH DIMENSION! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, ASK JIMMY OLSEN! IT PROVES AN UNCANNY TRAP FOR THE CUB REPORTER, FROM WHICH IT SEEMS EVEN SUPERMAN CAN NOT RESCUE HIM! YOU'LL FIND SPINE-TINGLING CHILLS--AND RIB-TICKLING CHUCKLES, TOO--IN THIS AMAZING ADVENTURE OF...

THE INVISIBLE JIMMY OLSEN

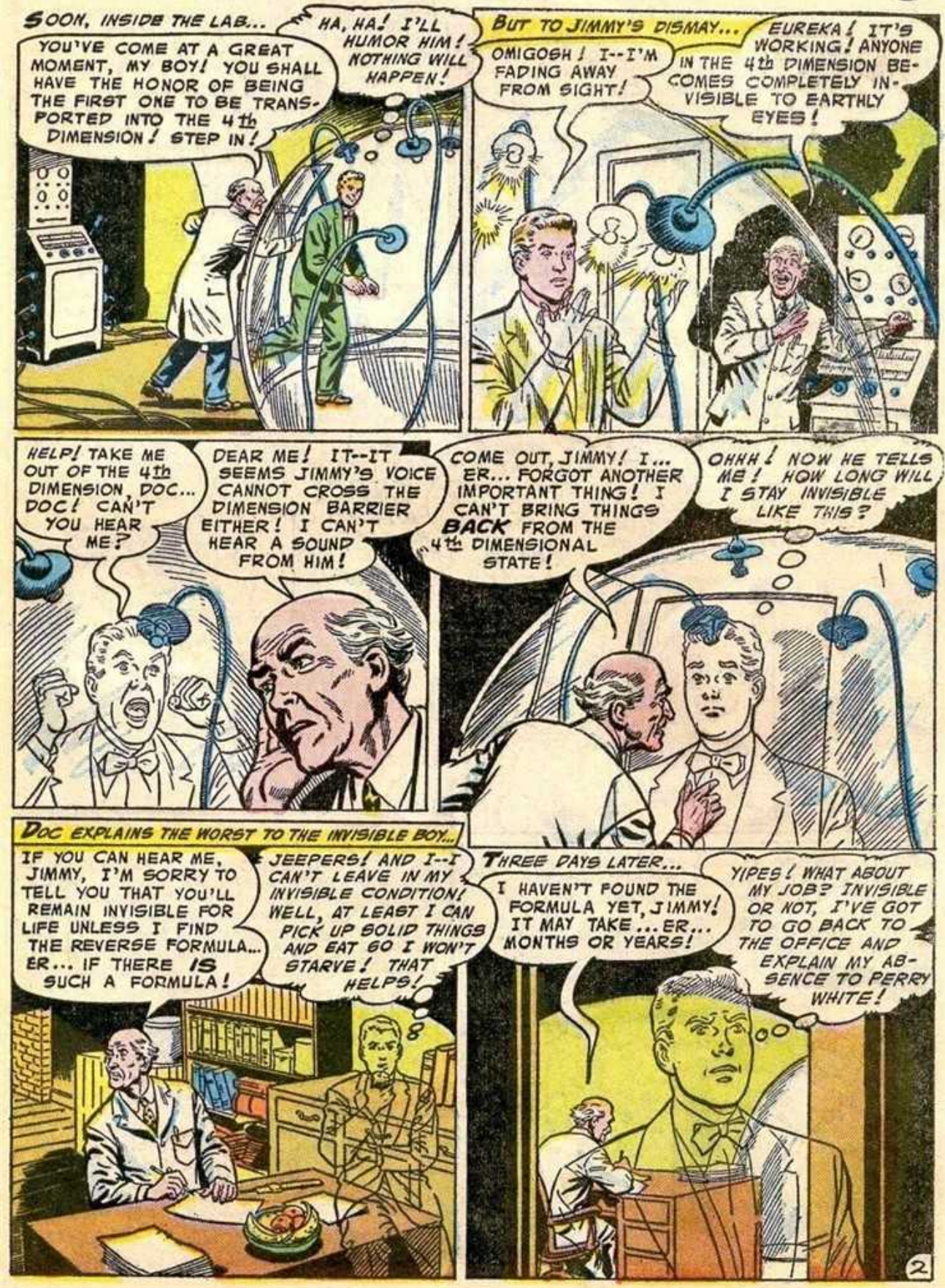

JIMMY IS MISSING--AND HE'S NOWHERE IN HIS APARTMENT!--DID HE VANISH INTO THIN AIR?
I'M RIGHT HERE, SUPERMAN! YOU CAN'T SEE OR HEAR ME, BUT I'LL MAKE YOU FEEL ME!
BANG BANG
PICTORIAL REPORTER
NEWS Hi-Lights

ONE DAY IN METROPOLIS, REPORTERS CLARK KENT AND JIMMY OLSEN LEAVE THE DAILY PLANET ON DIFFERENT ASSIGNMENTS...

I DON'T NEED MUCH MORE EVIDENCE TO EXPOSE BLACKY BLAKE'S CRIME RING, JIMMY!
GOOD LUCK, CLARK! I'VE GOT TO GET SOME INTERVIEWS AROUND TOWN!
DAILY PLANET

LATER, ON JIMMY'S ROUNDS...

THEY SAY DOC BRANE IS A CRACK-POT AND NEVER DISCOVERED ANYTHING WORTHWHILE! BUT I MIGHT AS WELL DROP IN--FOR LAUGHS!
COME IN!
DR. BRANE SCIENCE RESEARCH


SOON, INSIDE THE LAB...
YOU'VE COME AT A GREAT MOMENT, MY BOY! YOU SHALL HAVE THE HONOR OF BEING THE FIRST ONE TO BE TRANSPORTED INTO THE 4th DIMENSION! STEP IN!
HA, HA! I'LL HUMOR HIM! NOTHING WILL HAPPEN!
BUT TO JIMMY'S DISMAY...
OMIGOSH! I--I'M FADING AWAY FROM SIGHT!
EUREKA! IT'S WORKING! ANYONE IN THE 4th DIMENSION BECOMES COMPLETELY INVISIBLE TO EARTHLY EYES!
HELP! TAKE ME OUT OF THE 4th DIMENSION, DOC... DOC! CAN'T YOU HEAR ME?
DEAR ME! IT--IT SEEMS JIMMY'S VOICE CANNOT CROSS THE DIMENSION BARRIER EITHER! I CAN'T HEAR A SOUND FROM HIM!
COME OUT, JIMMY! I... ER... FORGOT ANOTHER IMPORTANT THING! I CAN'T BRING THINGS BACK FROM THE 4th DIMENSIONAL STATE!
OHHH! NOW HE TELLS ME! HOW LONG WILL I STAY INVISIBLE LIKE THIS?
DOC EXPLAINS THE WORST TO THE INVISIBLE BOY...
IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, JIMMY, I'M SORRY TO TELL YOU THAT YOU'LL REMAIN INVISIBLE FOR LIFE UNLESS I FIND THE REVERSE FORMULA... ER... IF THERE IS SUCH A FORMULA!
JEEPERS! AND I--I CAN'T LEAVE IN MY INVISIBLE CONDITION! WELL, AT LEAST I CAN PICK UP SOLID THINGS AND EAT SO I WON'T STARVE! THAT HELPS!
THREE DAYS LATER...
I HAVEN'T FOUND THE FORMULA YET, JIMMY! IT MAY TAKE... ER... MONTHS OR YEARS!
YIPES! WHAT ABOUT MY JOB? INVISIBLE OR NOT, I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO THE OFFICE AND EXPLAIN MY ABSENCE TO PERRY WHITE!

INVISIBLE, JIMMY FINDS HIS WAY FULL OF HAZARDS...

HEY! THAT CAR NEARLY CLIPPED ME...→GULP!← DRIVERS CAN'T SEE ME AT ALL! AND I CAN'T YELL-- THEY DON'T HEAR ME EITHER!

THEY'RE ALARMED AT MY "DISAPPEARANCE"! GOSH, THE BOSS MUST REALLY BE WORRIED!

DAILY PLANET
CUB REPORTER MISSING! REWARD OFFERED FOR INFORMATION ABOUT JIMMY OLSEN

NEWS

FOREIGN RED

BUT THERE'S A WORRY WAITING FOR YOU AT THE OFFICE, JIMMY!

WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO JIMMY? WELL, IF HE DOESN'T SHOW UP SOON, I'LL HAVE TO HIRE SOMEONE IN HIS PLACE!

NO, BOSS--NO! I'M RIGHT HERE!... OH, I FORGOT! HE CAN'T SEE OR HEAR ME! HOW CAN I **PROVE** I'M HERE ALIVE?

I KNOW! I'LL LIFT THIS PAPER BEFORE HIS EYES SO HE SEES MY NAME!

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! HOW CAN THAT PAPER FLOAT IN THIN AIR?

DAILY PLANET
CUB REPORTER MISSING! REWARD OFFERED FOR INFORMATION ABOUT JIMMY OLSEN

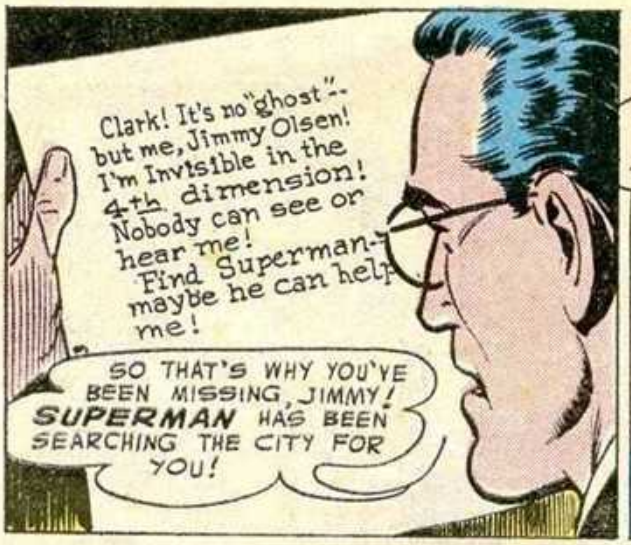
IT--IT MUST BE MY NERVES, THAT'S ALL! I--I WON'T LOOK UNTIL I'VE STEADIED DOWN!

JEEPERS! THAT DIDN'T WORK! I'LL TRY LOIS LANE!

I'LL SHOW LOIS THE NAME PLATE FROM MY DESK! AND THIS TOWEL DRAPED OVER ME WILL SHOW MY SOLID FORM, EVEN IF I'M INVISIBLE!

JIMMY OLSEN CUB REPORTER

EEK! I--I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE SEEN THAT GHOST MOVIE LAST NIGHT! NOW I'M IMAGINING THEM IN BROAD DAYLIGHT! I--I'LL LIE DOWN FOR A WHILE!
WAIT, LOIS--I'M NO SPOOK! JEEPERS! HOW CAN I CONVINCE ANYBODY I'M JUST INVISIBLE?
I'M READY TO PAY BACK THE MONEY I OWE JIMMY--IF HE EVER SHOWS UP!
AH! IF I TAKE MY MONEY, FREDDY THE OFFICE BOY WILL KNOW IT'S ME!
GOSH, HE FAINTED DEAD AWAY! I'M ONLY "HAUNTING" THE OFFICE! BUT WHY DOESN'T DOC BRANE PHONE HERE AND EXPLAIN, AFTER FINDING ME MISSING FROM HIS LAB?
FOR THE SIMPLE REASON, JIMMY, THAT DOC STILL THINKS YOU ARE THERE WITH HIM...
NOW DON'T BE WORRIED, JIMMY! I'M DOING THE BEST I CAN TO FIND SOME WAY TO BRING YOU BACK FROM THE 4th DIMENSION! JUST KEEP CALM, MY BOY!
MEANWHILE, JIMMY SEEKS CLARK KENT...
ONE ADVANTAGE IN BEING INVISIBLE, ANYWAY, IS THAT I CAN RIDE A BUS FREE! CLARK IS MY LAST HOPE IF HE WASN'T AT THE OFFICE--HE MUST BE FINISHING HIS CRIME EXPOSÉ AT HIS APARTMENT!
AT CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT...
MY CRIME REPORT IS DONE! I'LL CHECK IT AND...GREAT SCOTT! HOW CAN MY TYPEWRITER WORK BY ITSELF?
I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE! I'LL WRITE A MESSAGE EXPLAINING IT ALL!


Clark! It's no "ghost"-- but me, Jimmy Olsen! I'm Invisible in the 4th dimension! Nobody can see or hear me! Find Superman-- maybe he can help me!
SO THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN MISSING, JIMMY! SUPERMAN HAS BEEN SEARCHING THE CITY FOR YOU!

CLARK KENT, WHO IS SUPERMAN HIMSELF SECRETLY, IS AMAZED AT HIS YOUNG PAL'S PREDICAMENT...
WHY, YOU'RE NOT EVEN SOLID TO MY TOUCH, JIMMY! I JUST HOPE HE CAN HELP YOU!
GOSH! WHAT IF EVEN SUPERMAN CAN'T RESCUE ME FROM THE 4th DIMENSION?... GULP!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, HARD-FACED MEN BREAK IN, AND...
WHAT? BLACKY BLAKE AND HIS GANG!
DON'T MOVE, KENT! WE'RE GONNA SEE THAT YOU DON'T PRINT THAT EXPOSÉ OF OUR CRIME RING!

CLARK (SUPERMAN) KENT IS CAUGHT IN A PECULIAR TRAP!
NO CHANCE TO CHANGE TO SUPERMAN! AND I CAN'T USE ANY SUPER POWERS WITHOUT GIVING AWAY MY SECRET IDENTITY! I--I'VE GOT TO SUBMIT TO "CAPTURE!"
TIE HIM UP AND BURN HIS REPORT! GOOD THING HE'S ALONE!

BUT UNKNOWN TO THE CROOKS, CLARK KENT IS NOT ALONE...
SUPER DUPER! FOR THE FIRST TIME I'M GLAD I'M INVISIBLE! I'LL SAVE CLARK'S REPORT... WHISKING IT OUT OF REACH! HA, HA!
IT--IT'S GHOSTS, OR MAGIC!

JIMMY DASHES INTO THE KITCHENETTE...
I'LL HIDE IT HERE! NOW I'LL GIVE BLACKY ANOTHER SHOCK-- WITH THIS ICE CUBE!

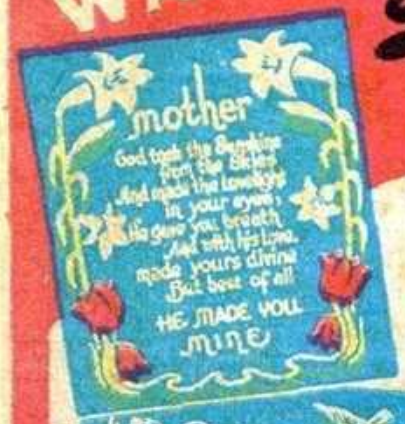
YIPES! SOMETHING BURNED ME!
COLD ICE ON THE SKIN OFTEN FEELS LIKE HEAT INSTEAD! THESE TRICKS WILL SCARE BLACKY INTO THINKING IT'S A "GHOST" AT WORK! HA, HA!
GUESS AGAIN, JIMMY! ANOTHER PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION OCCURS TO BLACKY BLAKE...
PSST! THAT HEAT ON MY SKIN COULD HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY A BEAM OF X-RAY VISION! AND THAT REPORT COULD HAVE BEEN WHISKED AWAY BY.. SUPER BREATH!
GEE, BOSS! DO YOU THINK...??
SURE -- LOOK! NOW HE'S BREAKING HIS ROPES WITH SUPER STRENGTH! CLARK KENT COULD BE SUPERMAN!
I'LL USE THIS LETTER-OPENER TO CUT CLARK'S ROPES!
CLARK (SUPERMAN) KENT'S SUPER HEARING HAS OVERHEARD THE TENSE WHISPERS!
OMIGOSH! THEY THINK EVERYTHING JIMMY IS DOING WHILE HE IS INVISIBLE IS DUE TO MY SUPER-POWERS! WITHOUT KNOWING IT, JIMMY IS EXPOSING MY SECRET IDENTITY TO THE CROOKS!
UNAWARE THAT HE IS BETRAYING SUPERMAN, JIMMY CONTINUES HIS UNSEEN TRICKS!
I'LL TRY SOCKING HIM NOW -- OW W! IT'S LIKE HITTING STEEL!
HA, HA -- IT IS A STEEL PAPER-WEIGHT THAT I HELD THERE MOMENTARILY! THAT SAVED CLARK FROM A KNOCKOUT!
THE CRIME LEADER MAKES A FINAL TEST...
IF THIS BULLET BOUNCES FROM HIM, I'LL HAVE THE REAL PROOF!
YIPES! GOT TO SAVE POOR CLARK FROM BEING SHOT AND WOUNDED!
6

I'LL PUSH HIS HAND ASIDE JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM MISS!
AHA! CLARK DIDN'T FALL! THAT PROVES IT--HE'S SUPERMAN!
BANG!
OKAY, WE SURRENDER, SUPERMAN! YOU CAN JAIL US, BUT WE HAVE THE LAST LAUGH--BLABBING YOUR SECRET--THAT CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN! HA, HA!
GULP! HOW CAN I EXPLAIN THAT AN INVISIBLE JIMMY OLSEN WAS BEHIND EACH OF THOSE TRICKS?
LATER, AFTER POLICE HAVE TAKEN THE PRISONERS AWAY...
HOW SILLY--THOSE CROOKS THINKING THAT WEAKLING CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN! OH, WELL, NO HARM DONE, SINCE IT ISN'T TRUE!
WAIT HERE, JIMMY! I'LL ... ER... FIND SUPERMAN NOW, TO STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT!
IN NEARBY SECLUSION, CLARK DOFFS HIS GARMENTS TO REVEAL HIS FORMERLY SECRET IDENTITY...
HOW CAN I SAVE MY SECRET? IT--IT LOOKS HOPELESS! BUT RIGHT NOW, I'LL TAKE CARE OF JIMMY AT DOC'S LAB!
I HAVE ONE IDEA HOW TO RESCUE YOU FROM THE 4th DIMENSION, JIMMY! HOPE IT WORKS!
IF IT FAILS... GULP! I MAY BE INVISIBLE FOR LIFE!
AT THE LAB...
I'M SORRY, JIMMY! THERE IS NO FORMULA TO BRING YOU BACK... EH?
YOU'RE ONLY TALKING TO YOURSELF, DOC! JIMMY'S BEEN GONE ALL DAY! I BROUGHT HIM BACK! MAYBE I CAN RESCUE JIMMY FROM THE 4th DIMENSION!

BUT IF YOU STEP INTO THE 4th DIMENSION TO GET HIM, YOU'LL TURN INVISIBLE YOURSELF, SUPERMAN!
NOT IF I USE THIS GIANT FORCEPS!
SEE? WITHOUT ENTERING THE 4th DIMENSION FIELD MYSELF, I CAN REACH JIMMY WITH THE FORCEPS-- AND PULL HIM BACK INTO OUR EARTHLY DIMENSION!
SUPER DUPER! I'M VISIBLE AGAIN! BUT I WISH I COULD HELP POOR CLARK KENT NOW! HE'LL NEVER HAVE PEACE WHILE CROOKS THINK HE'S YOU, SUPERMAN!
AND NO WAY TO PROVE... ER... OTHER-WISE!
WAIT--I KNOW HOW! TAKE ME TO THE OFFICE TO WRITE UP THE STORY, WHILE YOU TAKE A PICTURE AT CLARK'S APARTMENT THAT WILL CLEAR UP THE ERROR!
LATER, WHEN BLACKY BLAKE SEES THE DAILY PLANET... HEY!
THE BULLET DIDN'T BOUNCE FROM CLARK KENT, LIKE WE THOUGHT! IT WENT WILD!
DAILY PLANET 15¢
INVISIBLE JIMMY OLSEN FOOLS CROOKS WITH "SUPERMAN" TRICKS
BULLET THAT MISSED CLARK KENT HIT WALL
AS SUPERMAN CHECKS WITH TELESCOPIC VISION... BAH!
WHAT A LET-DOWN! THEN CLARK KENT ISN'T SUPERMAN!
WHEW! JIMMY CORRECTED THE "ERROR" HIMSELF! HE'LL NEVER KNOW THAT HE EXPOSED AND THEN COVERED UP MY TRUE SECRET IDENTITY!
LATER...
LET'S TAKE IN A MOVIE, JIMMY!
BUT NOT--NOT THAT ONE, CLARK! FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT I WOULD GROW UP AND BECOME THE "INVISIBLE MAN"!... GULP!
NOW SHOWING THE INVISIBLE MAN
THE END.

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes


mother
God took the sunshine from the skies
And made the lovelight in your eyes;
He gave you breath
And with his love,
made yours divine
But best of all
HE MADE YOU MINE

CHILD'S PRAYER
Now I Lay me down To Sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should Die before I Wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP $2.50
IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP $3.00
IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP $4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES
Dept. F-2 P. O. Box 1004
Nashville, Tennessee

You Can WIN
This 15" tall SILVER TROPHY JUST AS I DID IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!

I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these **2 ME'S is YOU?**
THAT 112 LB.-6 FT. SPINDLE-ARMED **SISSY** below WAS ME A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET FOR ALL 5 PICTURE PACKED COURSES MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR $1 AND MORE **10¢**

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D'Hirsch NEW YORK

Roger Hirsch before

NOW

There's that skinny scarecrow ROGER. Let's pass him by!

ROGER HIRSCH was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING. Look at him NOW— A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN from Head to Toe **as YOU can be soon!**

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY** any more just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. Soon **YOU** can add **6½** inches to your **CHEST** **3** inches to each **ARM** and the rest in proportion just as I did.

How to Build MIGHTY ARMS
How to Build A MIGHTY CHEST
How to Build MIGHTY LEGS
How to Build A MIGHTY BACK
How to Build A MIGHTY GRIP
FREE
PHOTO BOOK HOW to Achieve Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron
How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU GIVE ME **10** PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.
says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

GEORGE F. JOWETT "Champion of Champions" 4 times Winner Perfect Man Contest

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

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